But smothred it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brok. Awake you not with this sore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancoly flood,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greete my stranger soule,
Was my great Father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periury
Can this darke monarchie aford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanisht: Then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he squeakt out a loud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd *Clarence*?
That stabd me in the field at *Tewxbury*:
Seaze one him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule feinds
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.
Brok. No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promise you I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O *Brokenbury*, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For *Edwards* sake and see how he requites me:
I pray thee gentile keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy and I faine would sleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howres
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their title for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imaginations,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
The murderers enter.
In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Exe. I would speake with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my legs,
Bro. Yea, are ye so briefe?
2. *Exe.* O sir, it is better to be briefe then tedious,
Shew him your Commission, talke no more. *He readeth it.*
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
the noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant thereby
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there sits the Duke a sleepe.
Ile to his maiesty and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue resignd my place to you,
Exe. Do so it is apoynt of wisdome.
2. What shall we stab him as he sleepes?
1. Noe then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes.
2. When he wakes,
Why foole he shall neuer wake till the Iudgement day.
1. Why then he will say we stabd him sleeping.
2. The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred
A kinde of remorse in me.
1. What art afraid?
2. Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1. Backe to the Duke of *Glocester*, tell him so.
2, I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one could tell xx.
1. How doest thou feele thy selfe now? (me
2. Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet within
1. Remember our reward when the deede is done,
2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1. Where is thy consience now?
2. In the Duke of *Glocester* purse.
1. So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,
Thy conscience flies out.
2. Let it goe ther's few or none will entertaine it.
1. How if it come to thee againe?

2. Ile